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MR. MOODY IN 1882, AGE 45.

MR. MOODY: SOME IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS.

(By Henry Drummond, LL.D., F. R. S. E., F. G. S.)

To gain just the right impression of Mr. Moody you must make a pilgrimage to Northfield. Take the train to the wayside depot in Massachusetts which bears that name, or, better still, to South Vernon, where the fast trains stop. Northfield, his birthplace and his present home, is distant about a couple of miles, but at certain seasons of the year you will find awaiting trains a two-horse buggy, not conspicuous for varnish, but famous for pace, driven by a stout farmer-like person in a slouch hat. As he drives you to the spacious hotel—a creation of Mr. Moody's—he will answer your questions about the place in a brusque, business-like way; indulge, probably, in a few laconic witticisms, or discuss the political situation or the last strike with a shrewdness which convinces you that if the Northfield people are of this level-headed type they are at least a worthy field for the great preacher's energies. Presently, on the other side of the river, on one of those luscious, grassy slopes, framed in with forest and bounded with the blue receding hills, which give the Connecticut Valley its dream-like beauty, the great halls and colleges of the new Northfield which Mr. Moody has built, begin to appear. Your astonishment is great, not so much to find a New England hamlet possessing a dozen of the finest educational buildings in America, but to discover that these owe their existence to a man whose name is, perhaps, associated in the minds of three-fourths of his countrymen, not with education, but with the want of it. But presently, when you are deposited at the door of the hotel, a more astounding discovery greets you. For when you ask the clerk whether the great man himself is at home, and where you can see him, he will point to your coachman, now disappearing like lightning down the drive, and—too much accustomed to Mr. Moody's humor to smile at his latest jest—whisper, 'That's him.'

If this does not actually happen in your case, it is certain it has happened; and nothing could more fittingly introduce you to the man or make you realize the naturalness, the simplicity, the genuine and unaffected humanity of this great unspoiled and unspoilable personality.

MR. MOODY MUCH MISUNDERSTOOD.

Simple as this man is, and homely as are his surroundings, probably America possesses at this moment no more extraordinary personage; nor even amongst the most brilliant of her sons has any rendered more stupendous or more enduring service to his country or his time. No public man is less understood, especially by the thinking world, than D. L. Moody. I have never heard Mr. Moody defend any particular church; I have never heard him quoted as a theologian. But I have met multitudes, and personally know, in large numbers, men and women of all churches and ranks, from the poorest to the richest, and from the most ignorant to the most wise, upon whom he has placed an ineffaceable moral mark.

BOYHOOD ON A NEW ENGLAND FARM.

Fifty-seven years ago (Feb. 5, 1837) Dwight Lyman Moody was born in the same New England valley where, as already said, he lives to-day. Four years later his father died, leaving a widow, nine children—the eldest but thirteen years of age—a little home on the mountain side, and an acre or two of mortgaged land. How this widow shouldered her burden of poverty, debt and care; how she brought up her helpless flock, keeping all together in the old home, educating them, and sending them out into life stamped with her own indomitable courage and lofty principle, is one of those unrecorded histories whose page, when time unfolds it, will be found to contain the secret of nearly all that is greatest in the world's past. It is delightful to think that this mother has survived to see her labors crowned, and still lives, a venerable and beautiful figure, near the scene of her early battles. There, in a sunny room of the little farm, she sits with faculties unimpaired, cherished by an entire community, and surrounded with all the love and gratitude which her children and her children's children can heap upon her. One has only to look at the strong, wise face, or listen to the firm yet gentle tones, to behold the source of those qualities of sagacity, energy, self-unconsciousness, and faith which have made the greatest of her sons what he is.

(Continued on last page.)

MRS. BETSY MOODY, MOTHER OF D. L. MOODY.

St. Louis Public Library

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR BANDS OF HOPE, ETC.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham.)

LESSON 3.—WHAT MAN IS.

1. What does the bible say was God's last work in creation?

The making of man, whom he put in the world as its king and ruler.

2. Of what does man consist?

Of three very different things, which we call body, mind and soul.

3. Are other animals like him in all these things?

No; they have bodies almost as wonderful as his; they have instinct and reason and will, much like his mind, but they have not a soul like his.

4. What do you mean by man's soul?

The part that lives forever; that is, like God, spiritual and eternal; that knows right and wrong; that loves and hates; that recognizes God as its Father.

5. What does the bible say of man's soul?

It says that God breathed into man this wonderful thing which made him 'a living soul.'

6. What is man's soul meant to be?

It is meant to be king over all the earth. And especially is it meant to be king over the man's own body and mind.

7. In what way can it be king?

By compelling the body to do what is exactly right; to go without wrong and harmful things even though the body enjoys them, and to do only those things which are for its good.

8. What does the body like to do that is not right?

Sometimes it wants food and drink that are not good for it; sometimes it wants to be idle when it ought to be at work; and many other things it enjoys which it should be denied.

9. What will happen if the body is allowed it own way in these things?

Then it becomes the ruler of the soul, and the soul becomes a slave.

10. But sometimes people do wrong, thinking they will be happier that way?

Yes, but they are mistaken. They may enjoy it for a little while, but soon they find they cannot help doing the things they know they ought not to do.

11. Then which is king?

The body is king and the captive soul grows weaker and weaker all the time.

12. Can you remember a bible text about this?

Yes. It says: 'Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.' And, 'Of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage.'

13. Have you ever seen anyone whose soul was a slave?

Yes. A drunkard is a soul-slave. His body's appetite is king over his soul.

14. How does this slavery begin?

By a little indulgence of the appetite, which grows stronger and stronger till the poor man is like a person in chains who can do nothing but obey his cruel master, though beaten and tormented every day.

15. How can we avoid such slavery?

By keeping the soul always king, and making the body obey. The body should never once be allowed to have its way when it wants to do an evil thing.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

In these self-indulgent days our children need most of all to learn the grandeur of soul-supremacy over the body's appetites and passions. Teach them that the 'I' is the soul. Have them say: 'I am a soul and have a body fitted to my need.'

Ask them to mention the names of people who have been soul-slaves. Tell them of Alexander the Great, who conquered all the world of which he knew, but died at 37 of drunkenness; of poor Robert Burns and Edgar A. Poe, who wrote most wonderful poetry, but died as Alexander did while yet very young. Let them give instances of similar soul-slavery of which they know. Then tell them of some of the best and noblest men and women of the world, who ruled their bodies and were kings and queens of goodness and of help to the world.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

FEBRUARY 10-16.

Sunday.—Topic—Becoming as little children. Luke 18: 15-17.

Monday.—Liberal. 2 Cor. 9: 6-15.

Tuesday.—Ready. 1 Tim. 6: 17-15.

Wednesday. — Willing. 2 Cor. 8: 7-12.

Thursday.—Wise. Luke 6: 30-38.

Friday.—Prudent. Prov. 3: 9-17.

[Luke 10: 25-37. (A missionary meeting suggested.)]

Saturday.—Loving. 1 John 3: 10-18.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Lesson Book.)

LESSON VI.—February 10, 1895.

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.
Matt. 18: 1-14.

Commit to Memory vs. 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.—Matt. 18: 14.

THE LESSON STORY.

The disciples hoped that Jesus would soon be received as the Messiah and King.

One day as they went to Capernaum they were talking about the new kingdom. They wondered who would have the highest place, and they asked Jesus to tell them.

Very likely they went to Peter's house when they reached Capernaum. Jesus called a little child to him then, and said to the disciples, 'Whosoever shall humble himself like this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.'

Jesus meant to tell the disciples by this that they could not belong to his kingdom while they had the pride in their hearts which made them want to rule over one another. A good child is humble and willing to obey. He is not thinking about being great. He is always glad to help anybody. This is the true child spirit. It is the disciple spirit, too.

Then Jesus told them how evil a thing it is to hurt this humble, obedient spirit. The pride that despises the child spirit is a great sin, and must be cast out. It is better to cut off a hand, or a foot, or even to pluck out an eye, than to be sent away from God forever. Sin must be put away, though it be something dear to us.

God is not willing that one of his children should be lost, and so he watches and seeks for them always.—Berean Lesson Book.

HOME READINGS.

M. Matt. 17: 9-27, The Lunatic Boy.—Tribute Paid.
T. Matt. 18: 1-14, Christ and the Children.
W. Matt. 18: 15-35, Forgiveness of Injuries.
Th. John 13: 1-17, Serving One Another.
F. Matt. 25: 31-46, 'Unto one of the Least of these—unto Me.'
S. Phil. 2: 1-18, Christlike Unselfishness.
S. 1 Cor. 13: 1-13, Christian Love.

Time.—A.D. 29, autumn, a few weeks after the last lesson.

Place.—Capernaum, on the north-west shore of the Sea of Galilee.

BETWEEN THE LESSONS.

On descending from the mount of transfiguration Jesus healed a lunatic boy. Crossing the Jordan he passed through Galilee, avoiding public attention, teaching his disciples, and again foretelling his death and resurrection. At Capernaum he miraculously provided tribute money for himself and Peter. On the way the disciples disputed about who should be greatest in his kingdom. Parallel accounts, Mark 9: 33-50; Luke 9: 46-50.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. Who is the greatest—the highest in office. They were still thinking of an earthly kingdom. 2. Called a little child—as an object lesson. 3. Except ye be converted—'except ye turn' from these selfish ambitions. Greatness in Christ's kingdom is childlikeness. 4. Humble himself—be willing to perform lowly service. 5. Shall receive—welcome with kindness. One such — one with childlike spirit. In my name—as belonging to Christ, out of love to him. 6. Offend—'cause to stumble' or fall into sin; discourage or hinder in serving Christ. It were better—he is deserving of severe punishment. 8, 9. If thy hand—everything that leads us or others into sin or keeps from godliness, must be given up. It is better . . . . than . . . . into hell fire—better sacrifice the dearest earthly thing than be lost eternally. See also Mark 9: 44, 46, 48. 10. Despise not—do not treat with contempt the weak in faith, the poor in knowledge, grace, or station. Their angels—heavenly guardians, ministering spirits. Heb. 1: 14. Do always behold—have immediate access to God. 11. The Son of man — Jesus, Saviour of the humble, obscure and lost. 12. Doth he not leave—Christ's special care are those in special need. 14. Your Father—these little ones have the loving care of angels, of Christ and of the Father; therefore despise them not.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—What was the subject of our last lesson? Describe the transfiguration. Whom did Jesus heal when he came down from the mount? What dispute had the disciples? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses.

I. The Child in the Midst. vs 1-5. — What did the disciples ask Jesus? Why did they ask the question? How did Jesus reply? What does converted mean? From what must we be converted? What does this lesson teach about worldly ambitions? How alone can we enter the kingdom of heaven? Who is greatest there? What is it to humble ourselves as little children? How can we show love for Jesus? Whom did the little child represent?

II. The Guardians of the Little Ones. vs. 6-10.—What does the word offend mean? Who are meant by little ones? What is said of those who cause others to stumble? What does this lesson teach us about words and actions? What is meant by our hand or foot causing us to stumble? What should we do with anything that leads us or others into sin? See Rom. 8: 13; 1 Cor. 9: 27; Gal. 5: 24. What guardians have Christ's little ones?

III. The Shepherds and the Lambs. vs. 11-14.—Who is the Son of man? For what did he come into the world? To what does the parable in vs. 12, 13 liken Jesus? To what does it liken sinners? How did the Father show his love for the little ones? See Isa. 40: 11.

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. We should guard against the ambition to be above others in rank and place. 2. It is real greatness to forget self and to serve others and to do them good. 3. The greatest Christian is the one who is most childlike in disposition and spirit. 4. We should be careful not to hinder or discourage any one in the Christian life. 5. It is the desire of the heavenly Father that every little one should be saved.

LESSON VII.—February 17, 1895.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—
Luke 10: 25-37.

Commit to Memory vs. 26-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'—Lev. 19: 18.

THE LESSON STORY.

A Jewish lawyer once asked Jesus what he should do to gain eternal life. He was called a lawyer because he was a teacher of the law of Moses. Jesus asked him what the law taught him on this great subject. The lawyer answered that it told *him* to love the Lord and his neighbor. Jesus said, 'This do, and thou shalt live.'

'And who is my neighbor?' asked the lawyer. He did not love the Roman conquerers, and the strange people from all parts of the earth who crowded the streets of Jerusalem.

There, too, were the Samaritans, who were despised by the Jews always. Surely, he thought, he could not be expected to *love all these people!*

Jesus spoke a parable to him to show how far-reaching is true love.

A man, said Jesus, went over the rocky and dangerous road from Jerusalem to Jericho. Thieves caught him, robbed and wounded him, and left him half dead. A priest came by, and, looking at him, went to the other side. Then a Levite came and looked at him. But he, too, went away without a word or act of love. But now a Samaritan came, and the love in his heart made him stop and help the poor man. He gave him food and money and care, and so proved himself a real neighbor.

So Jesus taught that our neighbor is *the one* who needs our love and help.—Berean Lesson Book.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 9: 51-62, Rejected by the Samaritans.
T. Luke 10: 1-24, The Seventy Sent.
W. Luke 10: 25-37, The Good Samaritan.
Th. Matt. 5: 38-48, Love your Enemies.
F. Matt. 6: 19-34, Treasure in Heaven.
S. Matt. 7: 1-12, The Golden Rule.
S. James 1: 19-27, Pure Religion.

Time. — A.D. 29, November, several weeks after the last lesson.

Place.—On the journey along the northern borders of Samaria into Perea, beyond Jordan. The exact place is not known.

BETWEEN THE LESSONS.

Soon after our last lesson Jesus finally left Galilee. Leaving Capernaum, he passed through lower Galilee. He sent messengers before him, who were rejected by the inhabitants of a Samaritan village. Reproving his angry disciples, James and John, he departed to another village. Luke 9: 52-56. He replied to one who proposed to follow him. Luke 9: 57-62. He then sent seventy of his disciples before him into every city and place whither he would come. Following them, he journeyed through Perea toward Jerusalem, attended by a great multitude whom he taught and healed. Luke 10: 1-24. On the way the incident recorded in this lesson occurred. A similar event is recorded in Matt. 22: 35-40, in Mark 12: 28-34, and in Luke 18: 18-22, which read in connection with this lesson. The parable of the Good Samaritan is given by Luke only.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

25. A certain lawyer—a student and teacher of the law. Tempted him—tested his knowledge. There is no sign of malicious purpose. Inherit eternal life—obtain the life of bliss and glory in heaven. 26. He said unto him—Jesus, turning questioner, refers him to the law he professes to teach, thus making him answer his own question. 27. The lawyer's answer is the summary of the law given in Deut. 6: 5; 10: 12; Lev. 19: 18. Heart . . . . soul . . . . strength . . . . mind—with all thy powers; sincerely, intelligently, actively, supremely. Thy neighbor as thyself—ready to do and suffer for him as we expect him to do for us. 28. Thou shalt live—shall have already eternal life, for this heart of love is eternal life. 29. He, willing (desiring) to justify himself—to make himself appear right to his own conscience and to Jesus. And who is my neighbor?—the manner of his keeping the law of love would depend on the answer. Jesus answered by the parable. 30. Jericho — about twenty miles from Jerusalem. 31. Priest — many priests lived at Jericho. Passed by—giving no help. 32. Levite—of the tribe of Levi, who performed the humbler services of the temple. 33. A certain Samaritan—bitterly hated by the Jews. 34. Oil and wine—the usual remedies for wounds. 35. Two pence—about thirty cents, equivalent to three or four dollars in our day. 36. Which . . . was neighbor—showed neighborly feeling. 37. Do thou likewise—show kindness to all.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—What was the subject of last lesson? What did you learn from it? Give the leading events between the last lesson and this. For what purpose were the seventy sent forth? What is the title of this lesson? Golden text? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses.

I. The Law of Love. vs. 25-28.—What did the lawyer ask? Why did he ask it? What did Jesus answer? What did the lawyer reply? What did Jesus then say? What is the sum of the ten commandments?

II. The Lack of Love. vs. 29-32.—What did the lawyer then ask? How did Jesus answer? What happened to a certain man? Who first came that way? What did the priest do when he saw the wounded man? What ought he to have done? Who next came? What did this Levite do? What was the sin of these men? How should we treat those in trouble? 1 John 3: 16-18.

III. The Practice of Love. vs. 33-37.—Who next came that way? Who were the Samaritans? How were they regarded by the Jews. John 4: 9. What feeling had the Samaritan for the sufferer? How did he show this? What did he do on the morrow? What did he say to the host? What did Jesus then ask the lawyer? What was the lawyer's reply? What did Jesus then say? How can we do likewise? Who is our neighbor?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. The great question of life is the question of eternal life. 2. The bible answers this question. Study it. 3. We must love God supremely, with all our heart. 4. We must love our neighbor as ourself. 5. Love for our neighbors is proof of love for God. 6. All whom we can help, the poor, the heathen, the foreigners, those who hate and ignore us, are our neighbors. 7. Christ is the Good Samaritan who saw us robbed of holiness, wounded and dying in sin, and came at infinite cost to help and save.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BETTER THAN A DOCTOR.

Mr. John Willis Baer, general secretary of the Christian Endeavor societies, prescribes the following, which he has found exceedingly helpful. Mr. Baer says:

'God placed a restraining hand upon me one summer, and finally I was compelled to take a long vacation. On my return the following prescription was uppermost on my personal mail, having been placed there by some kind friend':—

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION FOR DAILY USE.

Don't worry.
'Seek peace and pursue it.'
Don't hurry.
'Too swift arrives as tardily as too slow.'

Sleep and rest abundantly.
'The best physicians are Dr. Diet Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.'

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.
'Work like a man; but don't be worked to death.'

Be cheerful.
'A light heart lives long.'
Think only healthful thoughts.
'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'

Avoid passion and excitement.
'A moment's anger may be fatal.'
Associate with healthy people.
'Health is contagious as well as disease.'

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe.
'Trust in the Good Lord.'
Never despair.
'Lost hope is a fatal disease.'

PLAIN CAKES AND DESSERTS.

Bath Buns.—Scald one pint of milk. Add, while hot, one cupful of butter. When lukewarm add one yeast cake dissolved in a quarter-cupful of warm water. Add one and a half quarts of sifted flour. Beat well, cover and stand in a warm place over night. In the morning beat the yolks of six eggs with a half-cupful of sugar until light. Add then one teaspoonful of cinnamon and a half-cupful of chopped citron to sponge. Work the sponge until thoroughly mixed. Turn out on a floured board, adding sufficient flour first to make a soft dough. Roll out; cut into good-sized buns; place in greased pans, far enough apart not to touch in baking; cover in a warm place until very light. Brush same as for rusks and bake in a quick oven thirty-five minutes.

French Crullers.—Put half-pint of water and two ounces of butter over fire; when boiling, add hastily four ounces (one cupful) of flour; beat rapidly until a loaf of soft dough is formed. When cool, add four eggs, one at a time, unbeaten. Just break in one first, beat until mixed, then another, and so on. After adding the last, beat well and turn the mixture into a pastry bag. Have ready a large kettle of smoking hot fat. Press the mixture out into shapes in the hot fat. As it swells, be careful to put only a small quantity in the fat at one time. Mix a half-cupful of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one of vanilla sugar. Roll each cruller in this as soon as you take it from the fat.

Moravian Sugar Cake.—Cut four ounces of butter into small pieces; add to it one pint of milk that has been scalded in a double boiler. Sift one and a half quarts of flour; put it into a bowl; when the milk is lukewarm, add half a compressed yeast cake dissolved, or a half-cupful of yeast. Make a well in the centre of the flour and pour in the milk; stir in sufficient of the flour to make a thin batter; cover, and stand in a warm place two hours. When ready, add two eggs, well beaten, and a half-cupful of sugar and teaspoonful of salt; then stir in the remaining part of the flour. Beat this very hard; pour into a greased shallow pan and stand in a warm place about one hour, or until very light. Mix together two ounces of butter and two teaspoonfuls cinnamon; beat until smooth. Make little holes all over the cake; put down into each hole a little ball of this mixture. Bake in a moderate oven about one hour.

Bachelor's Pudding.—Pare and remove the cores from two good-sized apples; chop fine. Then mix with them one cupful of cleaned currants and one pint of bread crumbs. Beat, without separating, three eggs; add the grated rind of one lemon and a quarter-cupful of sugar, and then pour this over the dry ingredients; mix and put into a greased pudding mould; steam or boil for two hours. Serve hot with a hard or liquid sauce.

Lemon Dumplings.—Mix half a pound of bread crumbs with a quarter pound of shredded and chopped suet and a quarter pound of brown sugar: beat two eggs and add a tablespoonful of lemon juice; pour them over the dry mixture; work well until all is well moistened; pack into egg cups that have been brushed with butter; stand in a steamer and steam for one hour; turn out, dust with sugar and serve with them foamy sauce.—'Household News.'

SELECTED RECIPES.

Potato Balls. — Flouring the hands, work cold mashed potato into small round cakes, and fry brown in lard, with a sprinkle of salt, or meat drippings, which is better. Parsnips are nice cooked in this way.

Tea Loaves.—One pound of flour, two eggs, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Moisten with milk, knead well, and make it into the shape of little loaves. Bake in a quick oven ten or fifteen minutes.

Rissoles of Salmon.—The contents of one tin of salmon freed from bones and liquor, pepper and salt to taste, sufficient fine bread crumbs to make the fish adhere well; fry in boiling lard either in little rolls or cakes. Note.—These rissoles can be made of any cold fish, but none are equal to the tinned salmon.

Cranberry pie.—Stew a quart of cranberries, without adding any water. When thoroughly cooked sweeten to taste. Line a pie plate with rather 'short' pastry, and fill with the stewed cranberries. Add a cup of sugar. Cut pastry in strips and cross and recross until it is a poem in diamonds and squares.

Chicken Patties.—Pick the meat from a cold chicken and cut in small pieces. Put in a sauce-pan with a little hot water and milk, butter, salt, and pepper. Thicken with a little flour and the yolk of an egg. Line patty pans with good crust, glaze with the white of an egg, and bake. When done fill with the chicken and send to the table hot. Cut out round cakes of the crust for the tops, and bake them. Children are delighted with individual patties.

Salmon Cecils.—The contents of one tin of salmon freed from bone, a few potatoes mashed very smooth, a hard-boiled egg cut into small pieces, some chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, a little anchovy sauce, and sufficient of the liquor in the tin to moisten the whole; knead into little flat cakes, and fry till both sides are nicely browned. Note.—This recipe likewise can be applied to any cold fish.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

FEBRUARY 17-23.

Sunday.—Topic — Lessons from the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Monday.—Eyes opened: to sin. Luke 5: 1-8.

Tuesday.—To danger. Mark 9: 42-48.

Wednesday. — To satisfy. Matt. 16: 13-20.

Thursday.—To Peace. Luke 19: 41, 42; 1: 76-79.

Friday.—To power. Matt. 17: 14-20.

Saturday.—To heaven. Rev. 7: 9-17.

'Give me the gold that the Church wears and I will feed and educate thousands of girls and boys.'—John S. Keen.

WHOSE WORK WAS IT?

(By Grace E. Crossman.)

(Continued from Last Number.)

The laughing and whispering ceased and they listened to the lesson, because she was so intensely interested herself, and because she was so different in all her ways from the elegant teachers who had preceded her.

Once on the street, and they rally around their leader, and all begin talking at once, 'What do you think of her, Frances?' 'Isn't she a different specimen from anything we have had lately?' 'She looks to me as if she might have lived in the ark with Noah and the other animals,' said a dark-eyed, saucy little girl. 'Come, what do you think, Frances, shall we endure her, or tell Mr. Graham we will not come again unless he gives us a change?'

'My idea, girls, is just this—the teacher is horridly countrified, and awfully bashful, and more than half afraid of us, but she is different, and therefore interesting, and I shall go again, and I mean to enjoy studying her, whether I do the lesson or not,' answers Frances Tyler, a tall, handsome girl, the acknowledged head.

And as Sabbath after Sabbath the strong, quiet voice falls on their ears, leading them into the study of the prophets, or studying with them, since she will not call it teaching, the life of Christ, they cease to ridicule her, and become interested in the search for truth. Not that they love or admire her, or try to copy her, but they do begin to have glimpses of what a true life is; begin to desire a little of the beauty of character found in the lives held up to them as examples.

Now there is a lesson on the tongue, and they go home with a realizing sense that it is both weak and wicked to gossip, and that all words must be true and pure to be acceptable, and they carry with them the watchword, 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' Remembering that the pen of the wisest man once wrote, 'He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend,' and it isn't the fault of the tongue after all, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and thus a second watchword is added to the first, which keeps saying to them, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'

Then there is a lesson on worldly amusements. This little timid creature, with all the fresh, country atmosphere still clinging to her garments, does not tell these daughters of fashionable parents, who are sent each year to the best of dancing schools, that dancing is one of Satan's best devices, and wicked and ungodly men and women enjoy it in consequence of its sinful tendency. She does not tell them, either, of the large company of respectable people who prefer to dance with light feet down the broad and glittering track that leads through the ball-room rather than climb the hills of self-sacrifice found in the straight and narrow way. She simply holds up to them the beauty of a true life, its purity, unselfishness, its duties, responsibilities and privileges, the value of an immortal soul, and the power of influence. With a quiver of pain in her quiet voice she tells them of gentle, lovely girls, and fair-faced, noble boys lost, of manhood and womanhood blighted and blasted through the intoxicating, seductive influence of the dreamy, measured, and soft, slow, bewildering sweetness of the waltz.

She asks no promises from them, questions nothing of their pleasure, but they go home with an uncomfortable sense of having lost a little of moral purity and with a firm resolve for future living.

Silently, surely, she is writing upon their heart tables letters which are not erasable. Did she know it? Alas! no; she taught in love and patience, prayed earnestly, but saw no fruit; she saw the growing interest in bible study, but the thing she longed for, in common with every true teacher—the conversion of the soul—was not given her.

Work in the shop grew scarce; she took poorer lodgings and wore poorer clothes than ever. How she longed sometimes for a sympathetic word, a kindly interest expressed.

One Sabbath at the close of the lesson she tells the girls, in an almost childish manner, of her hopes, fancies and day dreams. How she has wished to build a beautiful church in some obscure country town; to erect a home, and gather into it the unfortunate, deformed and helpless children of the city, and give them tender care—to sail away over the blue waters, carrying the bread of life. 'Yet I can do nothing for the Master I love. I trust, girls, you may be considered worthy to do some great work for him, and I shall not have hindered you by my poor example,' and she goes out and leaves them. It is her last lesson, and her last words are, 'Remember, girls, to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus.'

Miss Harley goes home wearily with a strange pain in her head, and a home-sick longing in her lonely heart. Once there she drops down on the hard mattress to rest. She does not care for supper, such as she knows she will find, and so pays no attention to the bell. Later, she falls asleep, and sleeps almost stupidly, and awakes in the darkness, and feels giddy and faint, with a terrible throbbing in her temples, and then as she seems floating off into space, she calls pitifully, 'I am sick—so sick—will no one come?' but her voice dies away in a moan along the narrow corridor, and no one heeds it. Oh, the loneliness of being sick unto death in an upper room of a tenement boarding-house!

When she opens her eyes again strange faces bend over her, but she does not heed them; she is indifferent now to the care and help she longed for; she starts, and says, wanderingly, 'Tell my girls, they were mine, you know, I did the best I knew, the very best.' Then the life goes out, the sweet, patient voice is hushed forever.

Strangers place the shining brown head in the plain casket, fold the tired little hands over the home-sick heart, and lay her down to sleep on the green earth's mother breast, away from all she had ever loved in life.

Years after, a noble ship rides out of the harbor carying with it a dark-eyed woman bound for India, going because she feels it the greatest work she can do for God, and if you look closely you will recognize the saucy little girl who ridiculed the plain teacher. In a valley a church spire rises, which attracts all strangers by the quaint, peculiar beauty of its architecture. It was built, so the country people tell you, by a city lady of great wealth as a memorial for a Sabbath-school teacher who had died.

Just out of town you may see a pretty brick building, with happy-faced, comfortably-dressed children playing in the well kept grounds. Who founded this beautiful home for destitute children?—for it is a private building—and the picture of the owner hangs in the hall. Above it a motto, 'I press toward the mark,' and below it another, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these.' The true, tender face, with its serious eyes, is that of Frances Tyler, the class leader.

One in one place and one in another, each found a work for God. The Christian world spoke in praise of the many noble deeds wrought by this band of consecrated women. No one remembered the little teacher who had prompted the work. No one ever visited the little grave in an obscure part of the churchyard. Whose work was it?

Praxiteles, of whom the little teacher never heard, earned for himself an historical immortality by the marvellous skill with which he represented in marble the wondrous beauty of the Roman face and figure. To her was entrusted the more noble and satisfying work of molding into forms of eternal beauty the spiritual natures of these girls.—'Christian Nation.'

'FEAR GOD.'

By Blanche Nevin.

'Fear God?'
Indeed, Theology, you make me laugh
With strange ideas. Do the smothering, half
Asphyxiated, fear fresh air? Does he
Dying of thirst, fresh water fear to see?
O Irony! who can
Fear God?

Fear man?
Yes. With his blundering, pathetic brain,
His cruel arrogance, strutting disdain,
His limitations, self-complacencies; an ant
Ambitious to scale heaven, adamant
In vengeance. O Priest!
Fear man.

Fear beast;
Savage, bloodthirsty, quadruped or human,
Fear lions, tigers, foxes, babe or woman,
Retail or wholesale robber, vampire, he
Who sucks his brother's blood; scab of humanity!
Fear pride and greed of pelf;
Fear beast.

Fear thyself;
The enemy within thy gates. Perhaps
Most dangerous of all his subtle traps;
That hydra-headed self, which thou dost slay,
Resurgent springs to life again each day
To tempt thee yet to fall;
Fear self.

Fear all;
The social fabric, built about us; Law,
Mis-shaped abortion—ape, arousing awe
In lion skin of Justice. Tremble at
Lies, low ideas, false interpretations that
Wrest scripture unto evil;
Fear all.

Fear the Devil;
That great spirit of hate, that baleful will;
The antipodal of Good—that would work ill;
The black breeder of bad—poison of joys,
Sibilant serpent of sin that ever destroys,
Chafing to use his rod.
Fear the Devil.

'Fear God'?
Ask easier task. Ask that of Sisyphus;
This is too hard that you demand of us.
Blind, to fear light—heart-frosted to fear heat?
Sin, to fear absolution, love complete?
Hearts to fear good and bright?
Or hungry souls, delight?

'Fear God'?
Fear all things else, in sky, or earth, or sea!
O Jesu! Nazarene! slain on Calvary!
God, God! when everything is said and done,
Thou art the joy and hope of every one!
And, blest in thee,
Each sobbing soul seeks rest in Thee.

'Fear God'?
If I were lying deep in Hell, unshriven,
Satan triumphant, sins all unforgiven,
Bound down—at voice of God my soul would break
Its shackles, and through fire and brimstone, make
Way to its magnet—God!
Deus, recipe nos omnes! Amen.

—N. Y. 'Independent.'

'Take the lowest seat,' was Henry Ward Beecher's advice, 'and work your way up. Let a man be called up always. Do your work wherever you are, and do it faithfully and so contentedly that they will want you still higher. The more you do your work well the more they will want you still higher and higher. Be drawn up. Do not force yourself up. That leads to chicanery, to pretence, to mistakes, and even temptations and crimes.'

JACKANAPES.

(By Juliana Horatia Ewing.)

CHAPTER III.

If studious, copie fair what time hath blurred,
Redeem truth from his jawes; if souldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have.
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

* * * * *

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least vertue; life's poore span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains.
If well: the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

—George Herbert.

Young Mrs. Johnson, who was a mother of many, hardly knew which to pity more; Miss Jessamine for having her little ways and her antimacassars rumpled by a young Jackanapes; or the boy himself, for being brought up by an old maid.

Oddly enough, she would probably have pitied neither had Jackanapes been a girl. (One is so apt to think that what works smoothest works to the highest ends, having no patience for the results of friction.) That father in God who bade the young men to be pure, and the maidens brave, greatly disturbed a member of his congregation, who thought that the great preacher had made a slip of the tongue.

'That the girls should have purity and the boys courage is what you would say, good father?'

'Nature has done that,' was the reply; 'I meant what I said.'

In good sooth, a young maid is all the better for learning some robuster virtues than maidenliness, and not to move the antimacassars. And the robuster virtues require some fresh air and freedom. As, on the other hand, Jackanapes (who had a boy's full share of the little beast and the young monkey in his natural composition) was none the worse, at his tender years, for learning some maidenliness—so far as maidenliness means decency, pity, unselfishness and pretty behavior.

And it is due to him to say that he was an obedient boy, and a boy whose word could be depended on, long before his grandfather the General came to live at the Green.

He was obedient; that is, he did what his great aunt told him. But—oh dear! oh dear!—the pranks he played, which it had never entered into her head to forbid!

It was when he had just been put into skeletons (frocks never suited him) that he became very friendly with Master Tony Johnson, a younger brother of the young gentleman who sat in the puddle on purpose. Tony was not enterprising, and Jackanapes led him by the nose. One summer's evening they were out late, and Miss Jessamine was becoming anxious, when Jackanapes presented himself with a ghastly face all besmirched with tears. He was unusually subdued.

'I'm afraid,' he sobbed; 'if you please, I'm very much afraid that Tony Johnson's dying in the churchyard.'

Miss Jessamine was just beginning to be distracted, when she smelt Jackanapes.

'You naughty, naughty boys! Do you mean to tell me that you've been smoking?'

'Not pipes,' urged Jackanapes; 'upon my honor, aunty, not pipes. Only cigars like Mr. Johnson's! and only made of brown paper with a very, very little tobacco from the shop inside them.'

Whereupon Miss Jessamine sent a servant to the churchyard, who found Tony Jonnson lying on a tombstone, very sick, and having ceased to entertain any hopes of his own recovery.

If it could be possible that any 'unpleasantness' could arise between two such amiable neighbors as Miss Jessamine and Mrs. Johnson,—and if the still more incredible paradox can be that ladies may differ over a point on which they are agreed—that point was the admitted fact that Tony Johnson was 'delicate,' and the difference lay chiefly in this: Mrs. Johnson said that Tony was delicate—meaning that he was more finely strung, more sensitive, a properer subject for pampering and petting than Jackanapes, and that, consequently, Jackanapes was to blame for leading Tony into scrapes which resulted in his being chilled, frightened, or (most frequently) sick. But when Miss Jessamine said that Tony Johnson was delicate she meant that he was more puling, less manly, and less healthily brought up than Jackanapes, who, when they got into mischief together, was certainly not to blame because his friend could not get wet, sit a kicking donkey, ride in the giddy-go-round, bear the noise of a cracker, or smoke brown paper with impunity, as he could.

Not that there was ever the slightest quarrel between the ladies. It never even came near it, except the day after Tony had been so very sick with riding Bucephalus in the giddy-go-round. Mrs. Johnson had explained to Miss Jesamine that the reason Tony was so easily upset was

the unusual sensitiveness (as a doctor had explained it to her) of the nervous centres in her family—'Fiddlestick!' So Mrs. Johnson understood Miss Jessamine to say, but it appeared that she only said 'Treaclestick!' which is quite another thing, and of which Tony was undoubtedly fond.

It was at the Fair that Tony was made ill by riding on Bucephalus. Once a year the Goose Green became the scene of a carnival. First of all, carts and caravans were rumbling up all along, day and night. Jackanapes could hear them as he lay in bed, and could hardly sleep for speculating what booths and whirligigs he should find fairly established when he and his dog, Spitfire, went out after breakfast. As a matter of fact, he seldom had to wait so long for news of the Fair. The Postman knew the window out of which Jackanapes's yellow head would come, and was ready with his report.

'Royal Theayter, Master Jackanapes, in the old place, but be careful o' them seats, sir; they're ricketier than ever. Two sweets and a ginger-beer under the oak-tree, and the Flying Boats is just a-coming along the road.'

No doubt it was partly because he had already suffered severely in the Flying Boats that Tony collapsed so quickly in the giddy-go-round. He only mounted Bucephalus (who was spotted, and had no tail) because Jackanapes urged him, and held out the ingenious hope that the round-and-round feeling would very likely cure the up-and-down sensation. It did not, however, and Tony tumbled off during the first revolution.

Jackanapes was not absolutely free from qualms, but having once mounted the Black Prince he stuck to him as a horseman should. During the first round he waved his hat, and observed with some concern that the Black Prince had lost an ear since last Fair; at the second, he looked a little pale, but sat upright, though somewhat unnecessarily rigid; at the third round he shut his eyes. During the fourth his hat fell off, and he clasped his horse's neck. By the fifth he had laid his yellow head against the Black Prince's mane, and so clung anyhow till the hobby-horses stopped, when the proprietor assisted him to alight, and he sat down rather suddenly and said he had enjoyed it very much.

The Grey Goose always ran away at the first approach of the caravans, and never came back to the Green till there was nothing left of the Fair but footmarks and oyster-shells. Running away was her pet principle; the only system, she maintained, by which you can live long and easily, and lose nothing. If you run away when you see danger you can come back when all is safe. Run quickly, return slowly, hold your head high, and gabble as loud as you can, and you'll preserve the respect of the Goose Green to a peaceful old age. Why should you struggle and get hurt, if you can lower your head and swerve, and not lose a feather? Why in the world should anyone spoil the pleasure of life, or risk his skin, if he can help it?

'"What's the use?"
Said the Goose.'

Before answering which one might have to consider what world—which life—and whether his skin were a goose-skin; but the Grey Goose's head would never have held all that.

Grass soon grows over footprints, and the village children took the oyster-shells to trim their gardens with; but the year after Tony rode Bucephalus there lingered another relic of Fair time, in which Jackanapes was deeply interested. 'The Green' proper was originally only part of a straggling common, which in its turn merged into some wilder waste land where gypsies sometimes squatted if the authorities would allow them, especially after the annual Fair. And it was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the Gypsy's son riding the Gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse, except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

The Gypsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

'Do you mean to kill the little fine gentleman, and swing us all on the gibbet, you rascal?' screamed the Gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

'He would get on,' replied her son. 'It'll not kill him.. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoanut.'

But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony as he had stuck to the hobby-horse; but oh, how different the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the Gypsy boy cried, 'Lollo!' Round went the pony so unceremoniously that, with as little ceremony, Jackanapes clung to his neck, and he did not properly recover himself before Lollo stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

'Is his name Lollo?' asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

'Yes.'

'What does Lollo mean?'

'Red.'

'Is Lollo your pony?'

'No. My father's.' And the Gypsy boy led Lollo away.

(To be Continued.)

What is commonly called sacrifice is really the best natural use of one's self and one's resources, the best investment of one's time, strength and means. He who makes no such sacrifice is most to be pitied; he is a heathen, because he knows nothing of God.—S. C. Armstrong.

SALVATION ARMY SLUM WORK.

One of the most useful features of Salvation Army work in New York and other cities is its systematized effort to purify the slums. In this particular sphere of activity the Salvationists lead all other Christian bodies. The work was initiated by Mrs. Ballington Booth, who personally visited the very worst and lowest districts of New York and Boston with a view of informing herself as to the actual conditions with which it would be necessary to deal. While the sights she was called to witness were such as would have appalled any less heroic woman, the revelations of misery and wickedness only intensified her conviction that the work of cleansing and reform must be undertaken and carried forward, and under her inspiration it was taken up with the energy and enthusiasm which characterize all the Army methods.

The progress and extent of the work are disclosed in some statistics presented at the fifth anniversary, recently commemorated, of its commencement in New York. There are now forty-five Army officers engaged in the work here and elsewhere, with a total of fourteen slum posts; four in New York, two each in Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, and one each in St. Louis and Buffalo. In New York city there are also two day nurseries, where children are cared for while their mothers are at work. During the last year the aggregate work done by the corps in the seven cities mentioned was as follows:—Number of families visited, 31,277; saloons visited, 40,513; persons dealt with individually, 72,110; garments given away or sold at a merely nominal price, 11,164; sick persons nursed through illness to complete recovery, 1,454; children cared for in day nurseries, 3,792; hours expended in mending garments and in religious street work, 12,666; meals given away, 26,538.

The slum workers aim to get into the closest possible touch with the degraded and unfortunate, and to this end often live among them, sharing their privations and performing any service, however menial, which will gain their confidence and inspire them to better living. Under their influence hundreds of homes have been purified and thousands of lives brought under the control of elevating motives. If 'the submerged tenth' in our great cities are ever to be redeemed, and the foul and polluted pools of vice dried up, the result will be accomplished along the lines marked out by the slum workers of the Salvation Army.—'Frank Leslie.'

THE SLUM WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY—SCENE AT A PRAYER-SERVICE IN THE SLUM DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

A Chinese Christian gave the following reasons for giving up his tobacco-pipe—reasons which might have weight elsewhere than in China:—When reading his bible his attention was often distracted by his pipe. When out preaching with one of the missionaries, his going off to get a smoke often delayed them. He had just taken the Holy Communion, and it seemed inconsistent to begin to smoke tobacco directly afterward. It was a bad example for his children and grandchildren. It was a useless habit. The action was entirely his own, and appeared to be prompted by the Holy Spirit.—'Christian Arbitrator.'

The air is rather
chill, my Love –
It means a spell of weather!
But many a cold and cheerless day
We've braved – Dear Heart – together
So storms may come and winds may blow
The sky will soon be clearer
And every wintry blast you know
But brings the springtime nearer!
Irene E. Jerome
Jessie A. McClure

'IN A MINUTE.'

(By Florence B. Hallowell.)

Anna sat by one of the windows of the kitchen, absorbed in a book of fairy tales which had been sent her as a birthday gift. She frowned when she heard her mother call her from the sitting-room, for she didn't like to be disturbed.

'Anna,' Mrs. Rule said, 'look in the oven at the pies. I don't want them to burn.'

'Yes'm,' answered Anna, but to herself she said, 'In a minute; as soon as I get to the bottom of this page.'

But by the time she had read to the bottom of the page she had forgotten all about the pies. She did not remember her mother's order until she had turned three or four pages. Then, of course, she jumped up, dropped her book, and ran to the stove in a great hurry. She threw open the door of the oven, and there was a rush of smoke in her face which almost took her breath away. The four pies were burned black!

She turned with a frightened look to meet her mother, who had just entered the kitchen.

'Anna, can I never trust you at all?' she cried.

Anna burst into tears. 'I am so sorry, mamma,' she sobbed.

'Your sorrow does not help matters in the least,' answered her mother. 'Had you obeyed me at once, when I spoke to you, there would have been no cause for either sorrow or tears.'

'I will next time—I really will,' said Anna. 'I will mind the moment you speak,' and she meant to keep her promise.

But a bad habit is not easily broken, and Anna's had grown strong from long custom. She had answered, or thought, 'in a minute,' whenever given an order since she was able to talk plainly. Reproof and punishment had never done much good. She easily forgot both.

The evening of the day after the pies had been burned Anna was sitting on the back porch dressing a doll, when she heard her father call to her from the stable, where he was harnessing the horse to go into town.

'Run out and see if the front gate is closed, Anna,' he said, appearing at the door of the stable a moment.

'Yes, sir,' answered Anna, adding to herself, 'In a minute—as soon as I get this sash tied.'

But when the sash was tied to her satisfaction the bows had to be pulled out and pinned, and then, just as Anna was ready at last to do her father's bidding, there was a mad rush of heavy hoofs, a great shout from someone in the road, the loud barking of a large dog, and around the house rushed half-a-dozen wild-eyed cattle, pursued by a big mastiff. They tore through the shrubbery like mad things, trampled down the flower beds, and knocked over the big urn of geraniums and Indian vine before Anna had fairly comprehended what was taking place.

Of course, Mr. Rule heard the racket and rushed out of the stable with a stick, and with the help of a boy who came in from the road he succeeded in driving the cattle out to join the rest of the drove.

But the beautiful garden was ruined. The heliotrope, verbenas, and mignonette in the circular beds were crushed into the earth and cut to pieces, and a valuable shrub which Mrs. Rule had raised from a slip sent her from Japan was broken short off, while the big urn, broken into four pieces, lay prone on the ground.

'I saw the herd coming down the road,' said Mr. Rule, 'and thought of the front gate. How I wish you had minded me instantly, Anna!'

What could Anna do but cry and make fresh promises?

But this incident did more to cure her of her bad habit than anything else that had ever happened. All summer long she was reminded whenever she looked into the garden of what her habit had cost. The beds had been repaired as far as possible, but the broken urn, by Mrs. Rule's order, lay just where it had fallen, and Anna did not need to ask why.

'It shall be taken away whenever we all feel that you can be trusted to obey an order as soon as it is given,' her mother said. 'It will depend upon yourself how long it lies there, an eyesore to us all.'

So Anna set a watch upon herself. Whenever she caught herself beginning to say, 'In a minute' she sprang up to obey at once; and soon it grew easy to do so.

And she had no chance to forget, for she saw the broken urn fifty times a day, and often was mortified to hear people ask about it, and wonder why it was not removed.

But one morning in the early winter when she came down to breakfast and stopped to look out at the hall window, she saw that the urn was gone.

Her face was radiant as she entered the dining-room, and her mother smiled as she kissed her.

'I think I know why you look so happy, Anna!' she said. 'You know that at last we feel that we can trust you.'

Anna laughed joyously, but there were tears in her eyes as she raised them to her mother's face.

'I believe I have almost forgotten how to say "In a minute," mamma,' she said. 'The old urn cured me.'—'The Freeman.'

'ME TOO' AND 'YOU TOO.'

(By Clara J. Denton.)

One cold spring morning Mr. Locke came into the house carrying something well muffled in an old blanket.

'Lambs?' said Mrs. Locke, a little impatiently, as she looked up.

'Yes,' was the reply; 'two poor little brothers. Their mother is dead, and they are very weak.'

Mrs. Locke had evidently raised motherless lambs before, for she rose from her sewing and made brisk preparations for feeding them. First she put some milk in a basin, sprinkling it well with cayenne pepper, and then she set the basin on the stove. Little four-year-old Lella was sent into the woodshed after a large basket, while her mother brought a nursing-bottle (such as you have seen some unfortunate babies using) from the pantry. The lambs were put into the basket, and placed beside the stove. The warm milk was put into the bottle, and then the poor little mouths and throats were set to work upon it. They were so very weak that at first only a spoonful or two could be taken at a time. But after a while the eyes were slowly opened, and the heads feebly raised. Then they were covered up warmly and left to themselves. Half an hour or so afterward, when a faint little bleat came from the basket, Lella begged that she might be allowed to feed them.

'It would be a great relief to me if you can do it properly,' said her mamma.

Lella succeeded so well in her first attempt that the lambs from that hour became her sole charge.

In a day or two they were strong and active enough to be turned into the front yard, where the young grass was timidly showing itself. Here they seemed very happy. When they were hungry they clattered up and down the porch using their young throats well, or if they discovered Lella anywhere about they chased her until she came with their bottle.

One day Mrs. Locke stood on the porch watching Lella feed them. The smaller one was very busy with the bottle, while the other was frisking his tail, and impatiently bumping his naughty head against Lella.

'That's the way he says "Me too!"' said the young shepherdess.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Locke; 'and he acts very much like a litle girl of my acquaintance who is most impatient when her wants are not attended to immediately. I think it would be well for you to name him "Me too," and perhaps when this little girl hears his name she may be reminded of her troublesome fault.'

'But what shall I name the other one,' said Lella, flushing and hanging her head a little.

'O call him "You-too,"' said her mamma. So the lambs were named.

After a while, as the warm summer days came in, and the lambs grew apace, they were sent to the barnyard, and were fed milk only in the morning and at night.

One morning Lella was later than usual in getting to the barnyard with the bottle of milk (she carried a large one now). The lambs were so glad to see her, and so clamorous for their breakfast, that she did not notice her papa and a stranger standing before a photographer's camera a short distance off. The stranger was about to photograph some rare cattle that Mr. Locke had raised.

As Lella stood holding the bottle for 'You-too' to get his breakfast, while 'Me-too,' as usual, impatiently pushed his head against her, the stranger chanced to look that way.

'O,' he exclaimed, 'tell your little girl to hold perfectly still; I must have that group on this plate that I had prepared for the "Short Horn."'

So the picture was taken, just as they looked on that bright summer morning.

When the lambs had grown large, and ran with the flock, and at grass like the others, they still remembered Lella, and would come running at her call. Although others might call at their loudest, 'Me-too,' 'You-too,' the wise creatures would not heed them. So you may know from this that sheep are not so stupid as they look, since they know and remember their friends.

Lella is quite a large girl now, and I have reason to know that she has profited by the lessons of patience learned by her while feeding 'Me-too' and 'You-too.' Often, when she feels an impatient impulse, she drives it away by a glance at the photograph (which hangs in a conspicuous place), where she sees the blurred head of naughty, impatient little 'Me-too.'—'Christian at Work.'

WHY HE WAS ADVANCED.

A business firm once employed a young man whose energy and grasp of affairs soon led the management to promote him over a faithful and trusted employee, says a writer in the 'Popular Science Monthly.' The old clerk felt deeply hurt that the younger man should be promoted over him, and complained to the manager.

Feeling that this was a case that could not be argued, the manager asked the old clerk what was the occasion of all the noise in front of their building.

The clerk went forward, and returned with the answer that it was a lot of waggons going by.

The manager then asked what they were loaded with, and again the clerk went out and returned, reporting that they were loaded with wheat.

The manager then sent him to ascertain how many waggons there were, and he returned with the answer that there were sixteen. Finally he was sent to see where they were from, and he returned saying they were from the city of Lucena.

The manager then asked the old clerk to be seated, and sent for the young man, and said to him:

'Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?'

The young man replied: 'Sixteen waggons loaded with wheat. Twenty more will pass to-morrow. They belong to Romero & Co., of Lucena, and are on their way to Marchesa, where wheat is bringing one dollar and a quarter a bushel for hauling.'

The young man was dismissed, and the manager, turning to the old clerk, said:

'My friend, you see now why the younger man was promoted over you.

If you don't know from experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive you had better try it.—'Ram's Horn.'

Five Little Pigs
This little Pig went to market
This little Pig staid at home
This little Pig had a bit of bread and butter
This little Pig had none
This little Pig said "Wee wee wee!
I can't find my way home"

REED MASON'S RIDE.

It was nine o'clock and Reed Mason was busy setting things to rights before closing up for the night. Mr. Stevens had gone home, and Reed was the only person left about the store. He was on the point of turning out the last light when a belated customer came running in.

'I ain't too late to git a gallon of m'lasses, be I, Reed?' he asked.

'Mighty nigh it, Mr. Parker,' said Reed. 'But a miss is as good as a mile. Let me take your jug.'

Reed needed no light, for he was familiar with every foot of the premises. He passed out at the rear door and on to the large shed in which was kept much of their stock.

The molasses was slow in running, for the night was cool and frosty. While waiting, Reed leaned his shoulder against the side of the shed. As he did so his ear came opposite a knot-hole, and he was surprised to hear the low, rasping whispers of persons on the outside. Reed recognized a voice as that of Jake Starke, who had formerly run a saloon in the village, and who was still the proprietor of a billiard hall and a bar over which he sold 'soft' drinks.

'You see the no-license people are too confident,' Jake was saying, in a noisy whisper. 'They won't come out and vote. They didn't last year—or only 'bout a hundred an' fifty of 'em. An' if we git out our full vote we'll beat 'em. There is two hundred in this town that'll vote for whiskey ever' time there's a chance to win.'

'There wasn't fifty that voted for whiskey last year,' interrupted the other.

'Of course not, 'cause they thought there was no chance to win. But you see there is. These other fellers won't vote any stronger this year 'an they did last, if so strong. An' all we've got to do is to keep mum an' see that ever' man what's on our side votes, don't ye see? I've got men all over the township workin' for it, makin' a still hunt, ye know. An' if Fairfield don't go "wet" to-morrow Jake Starke will eat his head!'

Reed Mason heard it all, and a great fear came over him. It was only since Fairfield had been a prohibition town that his father had been able to live a sober life. And now if the town was to go back to the saloon, his father would soon fall into his old dissolute ways.

He saw his father come reeling home; he heard the harsh, unnatural words spoken to his mother and sisters; and felt the cruel abuse which only a drunken man can heap upon his family. Again there were hard and pinching times.

Reed Mason had gone to work in his thirteenth year to help to support a neglected family. He was now in his sixteenth year. By careful savings he had lately been able to buy a handsome bicycle.

Out in the cool, starlit night he tried to think what he should do. The temperance people must be roused and notified of the danger. There was no time to lose; in ten hours the polls would open and the voting begin. Springing upon his wheel he sped silently and swiftly down the south road in the direction of Hanover. There was no need of stopping at any house in the village, for there would be plenty of time to tell them of the danger in the morning.

Farmer Weston's was the first place at which he halted. They had all gone to bed, but Reed knocked loud and long, determined to waste no more time than was absolutely necessary. An upper window was thrown open, and a projected head demanded, 'Who's there, and what's wanted?'

'It's Reed Mason, and I came to tell you the whiskey people are going to try and carry the election to-morrow. They reckon on taking the temperance people off their guard.' His voice trembled with excitement as he continued; and this added to the pathos of his concluding words: 'Won't you, Mr. Weston, come out and vote against them?'

'Why, bless you, yes. But I didn't know's there was any danger but what the temperance people would beat anyway.'

'There is; lots of it,' he added, springing upon his machine. 'I've got to hurry, because I've got to rouse everybody in the township.'

On Reed flew to the next house, and then to the next and the next. Waking the people at each place, he told them of the danger that threatened, and received from them a promise to turn out and vote on the morrow. On and on he sped, up hills and down hills; woods were now on his right, now on his left, and now on both sides, dark, lonesome and silent.

At last from the summit of a hill he saw the first signs of the coming day; and felt that his night's work was done. He had ridden over thirty miles, and stopped at nearly a hundred houses; only one corner of the township remained unvisited. But that would have to go; he was too tired to do more.

The voting began promptly at seven o'clock, and proceeded slowly; but as the day advanced the interest steadily increased.

At noon it was generally agreed that the 'wets' were about fifty ahead. Reed heard this on his way to dinner, and his heart sank within him. Was his night's work to be of no avail? Was the saloon to come back to town again?

The 'wets' had polled their full strength at noon, and there were no more to come. On the other hand, the no-license people continued to come, now two and sometimes three, from the most distant parts of the township. The vote was steadily growing closer and closer. By-and-by it was agreed that the temperance people led, and a great shout went up from those gathered about the polling place. Every new arrival now helped to increase this lead and the crowd greeted the voters as they came with cheer after cheer.

The sun had gone down back of Long Hill; everywhere was the soft evening glow which lights up all things and still casts no shadows. Suddenly from the window where the voting had been done, a voice, which reached every ear, cried: 'For license, 201; against license, 325.'

There was a second's silence, as if for comprehension, and then a great shout went into the air, followed by hats and caps and coats, and the wild waving of hands.

Mr. Wilson, the mayor of the village, caught sight of Reed, and, stepping upon the spout of the town pump, he steadied himself with one hand, while with the other he waved his hat above his head, and, as soon as he could be heard, shouted: 'Gentlemen, I propose three cheers for Reed Mason. Except for him our town would have lost its fair name.'

The cheers were given, and that, too, with lungs accustomed to outdoor shouting. Hardly had they ended when two stout fellows picked Reed up, and placing him on their shoulders, started down the street. The crowd fell in line, shouting and yelling.

Altogether it was a glorious day, as the 'Fairfield Flower' stated in its issue that week. In the glowing account which it published, the editor capped his climax by comparing Reed Mason's ride to the ride of Paul Revere, and paraphrased Longfellow's famous lines:

'Through the gloom and the light,
The faith of our Fairfield was riding that night.'

—'The Union Signal.'

LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

MONEY.

Dear Girls,—You may be surprised to get a letter on this subject, but I regard the right use of money as one of the most important lessons a girl can learn. I can fancy the different thoughts which will come to you as you read that sentence. Perhaps a few of you can say truthfully, 'I wish I had any money to use'; the majority will think they would gladly have more; and a few others will toss their heads gayly as they remember that they have only to ask in order to get any reasonable sum that they wish. I feel more solicitude for this last class than for the first, because they are in such danger of growing up hard and selfish, with no sympathy for the privations and wants they have never experienced. They will be too apt to throw away money just for personal gratification, forgetting that it is lent of God, and that some time He will ask how it has been used.

I don't forget that money with young girls is a very variable quantity, depending largely upon the indulgence or caprice of others. I believe if those parents who like so well to gratify you, could know what a pleasure it would be, they would grant you each an allowance. Some girls could be trusted to buy everything they need from clothing to candy; and every one of you would be the better for having an allowance of spending money, if it was not more than five cents a week; but your very own, to do with exactly as you please, and account to your own conscience for it. I think, girls, I should do a little coaxing, a little special pleading to accomplish this, if I were you. Some of you know the pleasure of earning what you have; a real pleasure it often is.

But however it comes, the first thing in a practical way is to keep a cash account. It is very simple; your father or brother will teach you how, and the time comes too quickly to most of us when such a habit is of great importance. Balance the account at least once a month, and know where all the pennies go. Where shall they go? Well, I cannot say just what proportion shall be spent for trinkets, and gifts, and candy, and books, and concerts, and all the numberless things which a girl wants. But I can give you a truth to start upon which will prove a safe rule; whether you have little or much, it is not yours, but God's, and you ought not to use any of it without asking him, and some definite part should always be used for him. There is a plain direction given us to 'lay by in store as God has prospered.' That is not only for the girl who has, say, five dollars a week to spend, it is as well for one who has only five cents a week.

You see, girls, I wish you to grow up not only to use money wisely and prudently for yourselves, but to have the joy of dispensing blessings with it to others. And this joy the poorest of you may have. Do you know why the great causes of benevolence and religion do not get on faster? Well, I can tell you what I see, and what our great religious papers say. They say it is not because the American people are penurious; they are the most free-handed in the world, but it is because they spend so much on themselves. As fast as they grow rich their wants increase, and many of them gratify themselves first, leaving what they give away to a haphazard impulse. The trouble is they didn't begin right; it was self first, and God's cause last, when it ought to be the reverse.

I know one family (and there are many such—more and more every year, thank God!) who used the one-tenth plan. They were by no means rich. The mother, a widow, kept a cash account, one page headed 'The Lord's Money,' the opposite page, 'Expenditures.' No matter how small the sum that came to her, the tenth was taken from it; if only a dollar, ten cents went down to the Lord's money. You see it made giving very easy. When any call came she had only to run up the account to see if there was money in readiness.

I know of no better suggestion than this: to lay by a certain proportion. I do not say what it shall be for you, but for myself, if I had only ten cents a month, I think twelve cents a year should go to help some one else. Sincerely, H. A. H., in N. Y. 'Observer.'

MR. MOODY: SOME IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS.

(By Henry Drummond, LL.D., F. R. S. E., F. G. S.)

(Continued From First Page.)

Until his seventeenth year Mr. Moody's boyhood was spent at home. The village school was the only seminary he ever attended, and his course was constantly interrupted by the duties of the home and of the farm. He learned little about books, but much about horses, crops, and men; his mind ran wild, and his memory stored up nothing but the alphabet of knowledge. But in these early country days his bodily form strengthened to iron, and he built up that constitution which in after life enabled him not only to do the work of ten, but to sustain without a break through four decades as arduous and exhausting work as was ever given to man to do.

Somewhere about his eighteenth year the turning point came. The circumstances were in no way eventful. Leaving school, the boy had set out for Boston, where he had an uncle, to push his fortune. His uncle, with some trepidation, offered him a place in his store; but, seeing the kind of nature he had to deal with, laid down certain conditions which the astute man thought might at least minimize explosions. One of these conditions was that the lad should attend church and Sunday-school. These influences—and it is interesting to note that they are simply the normal influences of a Christian society—did their work. On the surface what appears is this: that he attended church—to order, and listened with more or less attention; that he went to Sunday-school, and when he recovered his breath asked awkward questions of his teacher; that, by-and-by, when he applied for membership in the congregation, he was summarily rejected, and told to wait six months until he learned a little more about it; and, lastly, that said period of probation having expired, he was duly received into communion. The decisive instrument during this period seems to have been his Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Edward Kimball, whose influence upon his charge was not merely professional, but personal and direct.

RARE GIFT FOR BUSINESS.

The ambitions of the lad chiefly lay in the line of mercantile success; and his next move was to find a larger and freer field for the abilities for business which he began to discover in himself. This he found in the then new world of Chicago. Arriving there, with due introductions, he was soon engaged as salesman in a large and busy store, with possibilities of work and promotion which suited his taste. That he distinguished himself almost at once goes without saying. In a year or two he was earning a salary considerable for one of his years, and his business capacity became speedily so proved that his future prosperity was assured. 'He would never sit down in the store,' writes one of his fellows, 'to chat or read the paper, as the other clerks did where there were no customers; but as soon as he had served one buyer he was on the look-out for another. If none appeared, he would start off to the hotels or depots, or walk the streets in search of one. He would sometimes stand on the sidewalk in front of his place of business, looking eagerly up and down for a man who had the appearance of a merchant from the country, and some of his fellow-clerks were accustomed laughingly to say: "There is the spider again, watching for a fly."'

If Mr. Moody had remained in business there is almost no question that he would have been to-day one of the wealthiest men in the United States. His enterprise, his organizing power, his knowledge and management of men are admitted by friend and foe to be of the highest order; while such is his generalship—as proved, for example, in the great religious campaign in Great Britain in 1873-75—that, had he chosen a military career, he would have risen to the first rank among leaders.

Mr. Moody's moral and religious instincts led him almost from the day of his arrival in Chicago to devote what spare time he had to the work of the Church. He began by hiring four pews in the church to which he had attached himself, and these he attempted to fill every Sunday with young men like himself. Then he sought fuller outlets for his enthusiasm. Applying for the post of teacher in an obscure Sunday-school, he was told by the superintendent that he would let him try his hand if he could find the scholars. Next Sunday the new candidate appeared with a procession of eighteen urchins, ragged, rowdy, and barefooted, on whom he straightway proceeded to operate. Hunting up children and general recruiting for mission halls remained favorite pursuits for years to come, and his success was signal. Now we find him tract-distributing in the slums; again, visiting among the docks; and, finally, he started a mission of his own in one of the lowest haunts of the city. Opposition, discouragement, failure he met at every turn and in every form; but one thing he never learned—how to give up man or scheme he had once set his heart on. For years this guerilla work, hand to hand, and heart to heart went on.

SLOW DEVELOPMENT AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

As a public speaker up to this time Mr. Moody was the reverse of celebrated. When he first attempted speaking, in Boston, he was promptly told to hold his tongue, and further efforts in Chicago were not less discouraging. He spoke not because he thought he could speak, but because he could not be silent. When Mr. Moody first began to be in demand on public platforms it was not because he could speak. It was his experience that was wanted, not his eloquence. As a practical man in work among the masses, his advice and enthusiasm were called for at Sunday-school and other conventions, and he soon became known in this connection throughout the surrounding States. It was at one of these conventions that he had the good fortune to meet Mr. Ira D. Sankey, whose name must ever be associated with his, and who henceforth shared his labors at home and abroad, and contributed, in ways the value of which it is impossible to exaggerate, to the success of his after work.

To Mr. Moody himself it has always been a standing marvel that people should come to hear him. He honestly believes that ten thousand sermons are made every week, in obscure towns, and by unknown men, vastly better than anything he can do. All he knows about his own production is that somehow they achieve the result intended. No man is more willing to stand aside and let others speak. His search for men to whom the people will listen, for men who, whatever the meagreness of their message, can yet hold an audience, has been life-long, and whenever and wherever he finds such men he instantly seeks to employ them. The word jealousy he has never heard. At one of his own conventions at Northfield he has been known to keep silent—but for the exercise of the duties of chairman—during almost the whole ten days' sederunt, while mediocre men—I speak comparatively, not disrespectfully—were pushed to the front.

MR. MOODY'S SCHOOL AT NORTHFIELD

There is no stronger proof of Mr. Moody's breadth of mind than that he should have inaugurated this work. Mr. Moody saw that the object of Christianity was to make good men and good women; good men and good women who would serve their God and their country not only with all their heart, but with all their mind and all their strength. Hence he would found institutions for turning out such characters. His pupils should be committed to nothing as regards a future profession. They might become ministers or missionaries, evangelists or teachers, farmers or politicians, business men or lawyers. All that he would secure would be that they should have a chance, a chance of becoming useful, educated, God-fearing men. A favorite aphorism with him is, that 'it is better to set ten men to work than to do the work of ten men.' His institutions were founded to equip other men to work, not in the precise line but in the same broad interest as himself.

The plan, of course, developed by degrees, but once resolved upon, the beginning was made with characteristic decision; for the years other men spend in criticising a project, Mr. Moody spends in executing it.

Four miles distant from the Ladies' Seminary, on the rising ground on the opposite side of the river, are the no less imposing buildings of the Mount Hermon School for Young Men. Conceived earlier than the former, but carried out later, this institution is similar in character, though many of the details are different. Its three or four hundred students are housed in ten fine buildings, with a score of smaller ones. Surrounding the whole is a great farm of two hundred and seventy acres, farmed by the pupils themselves. This economic addition to the educational training of the students is an inspiration of Mr. Moody's.

Those who before entering the school had already learned trades have the opportunity of pursuing them in leisure hours, and though the industrial department is strongly subordinated to the educational, many in this way help to pay the fee of one hundred dollars exacted annually from each pupil, which pays for tuition, board, rooms, etc.

THE LARGE PROFITS OF THE MOODY AND SANKEY HYMN BOOK.

The mention of this fee—which, it may be said in passing, only covers half the cost—suggests the question as to how the vast expenses of these and other institutions, such as the new Bible Institute in Chicago, and the bible, sewing and cooking school into which the Northfield Hotel is converted in winter, are defrayed. The buildings themselves and the land have been largely the gift of friends, but much of the cost of maintenance is paid out of Mr. Moody's own pocket. The fact that Mr. Moody has a pocket has been largely dwelt upon by his enemies, and the amount and source of its contents are subjects of curious speculation. I shall suppose the critic to be honest, and divulge to him a fact which the world has been slow to learn—the secret of Mr. Moody's pocket. It is, briefly, that Mr. Moody is the owner of one of the most paying literary properties in existence. It is the hymn-book which, first used at his meetings in conjunction with Mr. Sankey, whose genius created it, is now in universal use throughout the civilized world. Twenty years ago, he offered it for nothing to a dozen different publishers, but none of them would look at it. Failing to find a publisher, Mr. Moody, with almost the last few dollars he possessed, had it printed in London in 1873. The copyright stood in his name; any loss that might have been suffered was his; and to any gain, by all the laws of business, he was justly entitled. The success, slow at first, presently became gigantic. The two evangelists saw a fortune in their hymn-book. But they saw something which was more vital to them than a fortune—that the busybody and the evil tongue would accuse them, if they but touched one cent of it, of preaching the gospel for gain. What did they do? They refused to touch it—literally even to touch it. The royalty was handed direct from the publishers to a committee of well-known business men in London, who distributed it to various charities. When the evangelists left London, a similar committee, with Mr. W. E. Dodge at its head, was formed in New York. For many years this committee faithfully disbursed the trust, and finally handed over its responsibility to a committee of no less weight and honor—the trustees of the Northfield seminaries, to be used henceforth in their behalf. Such is the history of Mr. Moody's pocket. It is pitiful to think that there are men and journals, both at home and abroad, who continue to accuse of self-seeking a man who has given up a princely fortune in noble—the man of the world would say superfluous—jealousy for the mission of his life. Once we heard far more of this. That Mr. Moody has lived it down is not the least of his triumphs.—Condensed from 'Cosmopolitan.'

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